

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

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## OUR PICTURES.

OUR first picture this month is that of a young woman painting. She is seated in a thick forest, with her easel before her, her pencil in her right hand, and her box of paints in her left. She is looking intently at the object which she is trying to represent on the canvass. What can it be? Perhaps it is a squirrel, resting on his hind legs on a bough, and holding a nut with his fore-paws. Perhaps it is a bird perched on a tree, little thinking that some one is near, trying to paint his form and color. Perhaps it is a beautiful cascade, hurrying over the rocks, pleasing the ear by its merry dashing, and the eye by its white foam. We do not know what she is trying to paint,—only that it is some object on which her whole attention is fixed. She may not be able to excel in painting, for few people do; but we are sure that she is doing her best, and that she will gain the habit of attention, although she may not become a famous artist. What will she do with her picture, if she succeeds in making it a good one? Perhaps she will hang it in her chamber, and admire it whenever she goes there; perhaps she will hang it in the parlor for others to admire: but we think it more likely that she will sell it, and

buy an easy-chair for a poor, sick girl with the money. She does not look like a young woman who thinks all the time of her self or her clothes,—although she is very prettily dressed,—but like one who loves to think of others, and do them good.

Our second picture is that of a soldier kissing a child. The strong, brave man has just come from the war in defence of his country. When he went away, his little son was but a few weeks old; now he has grown to be quite a boy, at least, so his father and mother think. The soldier will not go back to the war, but stay at home with his wife and child. He has shown his love of his country by leaving home, and going to fight in its defence. He shows love of his family. His heart is overflowing with joy now that he sees those that are dear to him once more. He has thought of them every day during his long absence. We hope that he and his wife love God, the Giver of country and home and all other good; and that they will teach their little son to love Him more than all things beside.

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WE have nothing to enjoy until we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir, but a fountain.

WE can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough, except by suffering.



## WHAT THE MINUTES SAY.

We are but minutes, little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes: each one bears  
A little burden of joy and cares;  
Take patiently the minutes of pain,  
The worst of minutes can not remain.

We are but minutes: when we bring  
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring;  
Taste their sweetness while you may,  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes: use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell.  
Who uses the minutes has hours to use;  
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

*Selected.*

For The Dayspring.

## TAME SEALS.

"O AUNTIE! what do you think we saw at Nantasket, yesterday?" said Minnie Grant; she was in high spirits, for her favorite auntie had come to spend the day.

"You may as well tell me: I'm not much at guessing."

"Some live seals, on the rocks?"

"Indeed! what did you think of them!"

"Oh! I liked them. Their fur is such a pretty color, just like mother's silk dress, — and they've beautiful brown eyes."

"I know they have; and very pleasant eyes. They can express a good deal of affection, when the seal is kindly treated."

"Are they ever tamed, auntie?"

"Yes, very easily. I saw a tame pair, some years ago."

"Tell me about them, please, auntie," said Minnie, with eager eyes and voice; "where were they?"

"At the Aquarial Gardens, in Boston. They had a large pen; one part of it was

raised like a platform, and on that stood a hand-organ. The lower part, something like a tank, contained water; and they could bathe at will. They went into it very often, and seemed to enjoy it. They knew their names, and their keeper, and obeyed him cheerfully. Neddy turned the organ with his fore-paws, while Fanny danced. The dancing, of course, was rather grotesque; but she kept time well."

"How were they taught, auntie?"

"By petting, talking, and feeding, — mainly by feeding. They are very fond of fish; and a piece was given them every time they performed any little trick. There was not much required of them beyond the dancing and music; as well as I can remember, they would bow, or shake hands, or some such little thing."

"Were they afraid of strangers, — only tame towards the keeper, I mean?"

"Not at all: they would come close to the railing around their pen, look at visitors with seeming curiosity, and allow themselves to be petted and stroked. They were never hurt in any way, and, of course, had no fear."

"Were they only fed after doing something?"

"Oh, no! that was all extra. They had their regular feeding-time. One o'clock was their dinner-hour, and I happened to be there at that time. It was pleasant to watch them: they caught the morsels of fish so eagerly, and yet had very good manners; waiting patiently till the food was offered, and never crowding one before the other. They were fed in turn, and treated each other quite courteously."

"You said they often went into the water, auntie. Don't they stay in it usually, like fish?"

"No; only a little while at a time. They breathe with true lungs, like dogs and other

land animals, and cannot live long beneath the surface."

"How do they move, auntie?"

"They are web-footed; and their feet resemble paddles; the hind-paws are turned toward each other, and, when pressed together, form a kind of tail-fin, by which they can swim very fast. On land, they raise themselves erect, and shuffle along in a peculiar way, hard to describe."

"Can you tell me any thing more about seals, auntie?"

"A little more. There are several varieties, the sea-elephant, so called because its long nose slightly resembles a proboscis; the sea-lion, named on account of its mane; the sea-leopard, with spotted fur; and the sea-bear, which looks, in form and head, something like a bear. Some of these species are fierce in their nature; but a Frenchman, M. Lecomte, not long ago tamed a large sea-bear taken off Cape Horn, and trained him to perform several tricks. He was exhibited at Cremorne Gardens, in London, and attracted a great deal of attention."

"M. Lecomte never whipped or ill-treated him in any way; and, though the seal was at first cross, and once even bit his hand severely, he has become very affectionate, and follows him like a dog. He occupies a large cage; and, when M. Lecomte enters it, seems delighted to see him, and very unwilling to let him leave. He scuttles to the door, stands against it, barks at his master, and pushes him away. He climbs into M. Lecomte's chair, and sits there; and, when his master is sitting, he climbs upon his knees, and stands with his fore-paws on his shoulders. He barks in various ways, signifying assent and dissent, when his master talks to him. He brings him his cap, as a dog would; though it is not likely he could find it, if out of

sight. He fires a pistol, caring nothing about the report, except to look for the piece of fish that always follows it. For this is the simple system of his training: if he fails to obey, no fish is forthcoming; but, in every instance of obedience, it is given."

"I would'nt have thought a seal could be tamed like that," said Minnie.

"Yes, kindness goes a great way. Seals, when caught young, have been known to leave the sea, climb up the shore into the cottage, where they have been fed and petted, and stay all night on the hearth."

There is now a tame seal in Plum Island River. He was picked up, when only a few days' old, by a boatman, and given to a gentleman living on Grape Island; who put him in a pen, and, for some little time, fed him with fish cut fine. The seal soon learned to eat fish freely, and grew very fond of his kind keeper.

He now has his liberty in the river, and weighs about forty pounds. He will follow his owner for miles when sailing in his boat; will come out of the water, and to his side, if he sees him on the bank at any time; and can be called to shore like a dog.

M. J.

Boys, *don't tease*. Boys who bully and plague and torment little boys will be quite certain to grow up into mean, tyrannical men. Don't take off little boys' hats and throw them away, or impose on the little fellows, because you are bigger and stronger; no brave, noble boy will do it. Don't try to urge them into a fight; only a cowardly, *low-minded* boy can do such a hateful thing. Be above such things now, while you are young, if you do not wish to grow to be coarse, rough, disagreeable men, whom no one can ever truly trust or love.



## THE BROOK.

I CHATTER over stony ways,  
In little sharps and trebles;  
I bubble into eddying bays;  
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret  
By many a field and fallow;  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow, weed, and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river:  
For men may come, and men may go;  
But I go on for ever.

*Tennyson.*

For The Dayspring.

## "SERMONS IN STONES;"

OR,

*Thoughts suggested while building a Rock Mound.*

I TRIED first to select pretty, shining stones, and beautiful white ones; and I thought of the verse in Revelation, which says: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

In breaking open some rough, homely stones, my little boy was overjoyed to find the inside glistening with many minute particles of mica; and he worked like a beaver in splitting rocks. Perhaps some of my young readers of the "Dayspring" don't know how hard the beavers work in cutting down young trees, and stripping them of their bark, in order to build their houses. "Their sharp teeth are used for saws and axes, while their paws and their broad flat tails serve for hoes and trowels to dig up the mud and spread it for mortar."

I tried to place my beautiful shining stones in good positions, so that they might

*show off* well, as some little children think too much about showing off their fine clothes, new hats, and gold rings; and the result was that my mound was constantly falling down. And I thought how "pride must have a fall."

And the plain, homely rocks which contained so many shining particles reminded me of some homely people who possess hearts and souls filled with love, charity, and many graces, which a showy, perhaps handsome and superficial, person does not possess; and in heaven how the noble qualities of the soul will be revealed.

I was told that my mound needed a more solid foundation. I was vainly trying to build for *show* rather than for stability. How many people in this world are doing the same!

But Paul tells us that "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

And, oh! how important that we should build upon the Rock!

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

A little girl in Reading, Pennsylvania, recently saw an old drunken man lying on a door-step, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark: "Oh, say, don't hurt him! he's somebody's grandpa."

He that lags behind in a road where many are driving will always be in a cloud of dust.

Or all on earth to be loved and kindly cared for, the aged are first deserving.

## THE LOST FOUND.

FIFTY or sixty years ago, it was the custom for gentlemen wishing servants to visit the emigrant ships as soon as they arrived in port. Selecting the man or woman who pleased them, they would pay his or her passage-money, — about seventy or eighty dollars — to the captain, agreeing to give the servant clothing and board, and, at the end of three years' service, twenty or thirty dollars.

One day, a gentleman, a man of fortune, residing in Philadelphia, went on board an emigrantship to hire a girl, — or "purchase her time," as it was then called. He selected one, and was shown her father. The old man was anxious to go with his daughter, and after some persuasion the gentleman purchased his time. "Well, now," said the old man, "here's my old wife; take her also." There was something so attractive in the countenance of the old woman that the gentleman bought her time.

Going together to the register's office to complete the bargain, the gentleman was surprised to find that the name which the emigrants gave was spelled and pronounced like his own. Inquiries ended in his discovering that he had bought the time of his own father and mother.

When six years old, a son of the old folks had been taken to America by a gentleman, and they had lost all knowledge of him; indeed, they had almost forgotten they had a son in America. They recollected, however, that their boy had the figure of a cucumber on one of his shoulders. The newly-found son was stripped in the office, and, to the delight of the aged couple, there was the birth-mark. — *Youths' Companion.*

## WORDSWORTH'S IMPATIENCE.

SOUTHEY, the poet and historian, was punctiliously neat in his person and house. He was a lover of fine books, and his library, in which he took great pride, was arranged as was every thing else in his home, in sympathy with "heaven's first law."

The poet Wordsworth had, along with much nobility of character, several traits which made him indifferent to the feelings and habits of those with whom he associated. Among these were an impetuous impatience, which once exhibited itself in a way to annoy Southey.

Wordsworth was taking tea at Southey's house. Happening then and there to want a volume of "Burke's Works," he went to the library, took down the book and laid it on the tea-table. The pages were uncut. A knife was at Wordsworth's plate, which, unfortunately for the purity of Mr. Burke's pages, the poet had just used to butter the dry toast. With it he cut his way into the volume, and left on every page the greasy proof of a selfish, discourteous impatience that could brook no delay. Of course, Southey was annoyed, and so were several other guests; but Wordsworth was as unruffled as though he had used the cleanest of paper-cutters.

He forgot that the little courtesies of life are justly classed among the minor morals, and that the gift of genius does not exempt its possessor from the observance of all the moralities, whether they be great or small. True politeness is true kindness, kindly expressed. It is not sufficient that we feel kindly: we should kindly express our feelings. It is this union which makes the difference between a high-bred and a low-bred man, a gentleman and a dancing-master. — *Selected.*



## A WAYSIDE COURTESY.

I WAS once walking a short distance behind a handsomely-dressed young lady, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body." A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow; and, just before he reached us, he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought; "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

*S. S. Advocate.*

## WRITING A COMPOSITION.

SCHOOL-BOYS, and school-girls also, consider "original composition" as the most irksome of tasks. Their knowledge of facts is as limited as their vocabulary is deficient. They are bothered to choose a subject, and are perplexed as to what they shall say about a subject after it is chosen. Such may be encouraged by the assurance that all great writers have been troubled by similar difficulties. An anecdote of the school-days of the late Wm. H. Seward may console some boy who is saying to himself, "I never can learn to write a composition."

The teacher had designated a day for "original composition," and appointed young Seward to lead off. Having no idea of what was wanted, or how it was to be done, Seward consulted an older pupil.

"Nothing is easier," replied his friend.

"You must first choose a subject, and then all you have to do is to write about it."

"But what is a subject?" asked Seward.

"It is any thing you want to write about," was the reply.

"But," continued the perplexed inquirer, "I don't know of any thing that I want to write about. I wish I could see a composition."

"Well," kindly said his friend, "if you won't tell, I will show you an old one of mine that I wrote when at another school."

Seward pledged himself to secrecy, and was shown an "original composition." "On Drunkenness" was the caption, under which was drawn a heavy black line. "Drunkenness is the worst of all vices;" this was the first sentence, and then followed the argument.

Seward decided that he would not choose for his subject any thing that was naughty, bad, or wicked. So he said, "I will choose a different subject, and will show the composition to you when it is written."

With great labor having written his composition, he submitted it to his friend. It began, "On Virtue." "Virtue is the best of all vices." — *Youths' Companion.*

## A PLEA FOR THE DUMB.

MAKER of earth and sea and sky,  
Creation's Sovereign, Lord, and King,  
Who hung the starry worlds on high,  
And formed alike the sparrow's wing, —  
Bless the dumb creatures of thy care,  
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they toil, for us they die,  
These humble creatures God has made;  
How shall we dare their rights deny,  
On whom God's seal of love is laid?  
Kindness to them is mercy's plea,  
So deal with them as God with thee.

*The Sunny Side.*

## MAKING DREAMS REAL.

I HAD a dream, a sweet bright dream,  
And in it all the world did seem  
As beautiful as Summer days;  
All lived to love, all lived to praise.

For love of God and love of man  
Was in this dream-world's vital plan;  
And every living creature there  
Rejoiced the Father's love to share.

Rejoiced, too, each as loving brother,  
To help, and care for one another.  
And now I wake, to work, to pray,  
To make my dream life's sweet to-day.

*Selected.*

## A WISE CAT.

A LADY had for many years been the possessor of a cat and a canary-bird, which had been brought up together from earliest youth. As may be easily guessed, the two speedily became the closest friends; sleeping together, and spending their whole time in each other's society. On this particular occasion, the lady was sitting working in her drawing-room, and the cat and bird were engaged in their usual occupation — a good game of play, — a short distance off. Suddenly, without a moment's deliberation, the cat, to the great astonishment of the lady, uttered a low growl, then, seizing her feathered playmate in her mouth, darted off with it to the fireplace, — as it was the height of summer, there was, of course, no fire, — and disappeared up the chimney. The lady was not slow in following to the grate, and calling her favorite by name to induce her to come down with her burden; but, though she could just descry the form of the cat a long way up the chimney, no arts could induce the truant to descend. After some minutes the lady happened to turn her head in the direction of the door; and there to her

great amazement, she saw a strange cat standing, gazing around, as though deliberating whether to enter the room or retreat. To drive the intruder away from the room and the house was scarcely the work of a moment; when, lo! no sooner was the door safely fastened, what should appear once more in the parlor but the cat, with the uninjured bird still held safely in her mouth. Approaching her mistress, she deposited it gently on the carpet at her mistress's feet. The sagacity of the cat had led her, rather than engage the intruder in a doubtful contest, to rush to the nearest place of safety with her little friend, and there wait till all possibility of danger had vanished. — *The Methodist.*

## HOW TO KNOW A GOOSE.

"MOTHER! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"Oh! white creatures, screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high! See, mother, there they go!"

"Geese, my son, merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose." Beware, children, of these human geese! You meet them in your every-day walks through life.

THE idea of a heaven and an existence hereafter is no more extraordinary than the fact of an earth and an existence here.





For The Dayspring.

## SAM'S AUNT.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

### CHAPTER II.



IN the mean time, Sol and the other boys had been going on in a most jolly manner. They stopped, and eat whortle-berries; they ran races; they leaped over fences and scrambled over stone walls. John and Dick were pleased to show to Sol some alarming things that could be done in the way of leaping over fences. Sometimes John came down on his back on the other side; but it did not seem to make much difference which end was uppermost with these boys. Sol was used to exercising in the gymnasium; but climbing stone walls was a new thing, with the stones rattling about so.

They stopped a few minutes to take breath on the top of a rail-fence.

"I say," said Sol, "I did not like the way Sam went on about your aunt just now. Now, I think she is jolly: and I never should have been here, if it had not been for her; so I ought to be thankful to her."

"What had she to do with it?" asked John.

"Why, she came last winter to stay with my mother," said Sol, "and she heard my mother say how she wished I could get away into the country that year; and mother could not go herself, because father's business keeps him all the year in town, and she does not like to leave him. And then your aunt said it was a pity I should not spend my vacation in the country" —

"She was afraid of your growing pussy," said John.

"Yes," said Sol, stretching up his lank form,—for, though he was younger than the rest, he was as tall as John, but as lean as a pike-staff, — "she thought I might afford to gain a little flesh. And at last she asked me if I would not come here, and spend my vacation. My mother objected a little at first, and at last said I could not come for the whole vacation. She thought your aunt had a plenty of boys to see to now."

"And what did Aunt Ellen say?"

"Oh! she said one more would not make any difference. My mother said it would be too much for her: she must have plenty of care and work, with all the farm men to see to, and to oversee the getting the meals; but your aunt said she did not mind the work, if you only had a good time, and she believed you managed to have it."

"Well, I guess we do," said John, giving a kick to a basket which was hanging on his foot, and following it with a leap from the fence.

"I guess we do, too," said Dick, going after him.

"I didn't mean to be ugly about picking the blackberries," said John; "on the whole, I am glad we started."

"I am glad you did," said Sol. "I wanted you to go all the time. It is much better fun than loafing round on the hill."

By this time they had reached a place where the blackberries were very thick, and they were picking vigorously, eating as they talked and picked. The berry-stains spread from lips to cheeks, and painted broad moustaches on either side of their mouths. No matter: though their faces were black, their hearts were clean.

"Suppose we pick all our baskets full," said John, "and surprise Aunt Ellen."

"That will be jolly!" cried Dick.

For when their aunt had told them to go out for the berries, she requested Dick to



go down into the cellar for the baskets; and out of derision he had brought all the baskets he could find, so each of the boys was carrying along three baskets.

"I am sorry we left that large one in the boat," said John; "for I do believe we can fill them all."

"Of course, we can," said Sol, with spirit, "if we only go at it."

And then John's mouth was unlocked, and he began to praise his aunt.

"Your mother was about right when she said Aunt Ellen has to work hard. She is up early in the morning, and she is the last to go to bed at night."

"I sometimes doubt," said Sol, selecting a large blackberry for his own mouth, — "I sometimes doubt whether the grown-up folks have the best part of the time, as Sam says they do."

"I don't know," said John, with an uncertain voice: "they can say whether they will have blackberries or not; if they don't want to, they needn't."

"Still, they have a lot to do all the time," said Sol.

"I wish we could be grown-up," said Dick, "and yet stay boys, too."

"When I am a man, I shall order people round," said John, paying no attention to Dick's suggestion.

"Is that the way your father does," asked Sol, who had not seen much of the boy's father, and stood in some awe of him.

"Oh dear, no!" answered John. "He works very hard himself, and he just carries the men along with him. When there's haying, he keeps at work himself all day long, like the best of them. You wouldn't know he was the master, except that he's the last to come in, picking up the things."

"I don't see as it is much advantage for him to be grown-up," said Sol.

"I don't believe it is," said John.

"He doesn't even get a chance to go a fishing," said Dick.

"And your aunt don't get much chance, either," said Sol.

"She don't want to go a fishing," said Dick. "I have asked her."

"She does not get a chance for any kind of vacation," said Sol.

"The only vacation I ever heard of her taking," said John, "was when she went to stay at your house last winter."

"That was not much of a vacation," said Sol, stopping his work of picking; "don't you know she came down to stay with mother, because the children were all sick, and she took turns with mother watching, sitting up all night. Mighty little vacation she got then! She didn't go to the museum once, or see a thing."

"She brought me home a base-ball and bat," said John.

And the conversation passed on to games of base-ball, of which Sol had great experience; and he had such tales to tell that the others stopped to gaze at him as he told.

Nevertheless, they did good work in picking; and it was not long before all their nine baskets were full, and they had done their share of eating, too.

So they went back to the boat, singing and laughing.

"Get in," cried Sam; "for I have got my baskets full."

"Well, we have got enough this time," said John, as they put their twelve baskets into the boat. As they went over, Sam told them the horrors of his dream; and he told it in such a way that all looked back to the stone wall behind them, as if they should see the stern form of their aunt rising from the middle of the bushes.

They got their baskets safely across the fields. "Don't spill one," said Sam.

They climbed over the fence; they came into the yard; and, when they went in, they found their aunt busy setting the table for dinner.

"Another of the things I must have done," said Sam to himself, "if the dream had kept on and to-morrow morning had come."

But he was interrupted in his thoughts; because, as soon as his aunt had seen the four boys, each with three baskets full of blackberries, she sat down in a rocking-chair there was in the room, and laughed as if she would split her sides.

"There are some good boys!" she said, as soon as she could speak. "And there will be enough berries for to-night, and for me to make some blackberry-jam. And I will do it the first thing to-morrow morning" —

"There's another thing," said Sam to himself, "I must have done if the dream had kept on, and to-morrow morning had come in the dream."

His aunt went on, "And, Sol, there will be enough jam for you to take some home to your mother; and you'll have it next winter to remember your blackberry party by."

Sol pranced and danced. There was nothing he should like better than to carry home some blackberry-jam.

As soon as there was quiet enough, Sam told his aunt his dream. She laughed almost as much as when she saw the blackberries. She was glad the blackberry party had ended better than it began; and she was sure she would not scold Sam, except in his dreams.

Sam said he was not sorry she had appeared to him in the dream; because he should remember it, and should not forget that grown-up folks did have to bear things as bad as blackberry-scratches. And, if he

could not manage to do any of his aunt's work, he would at least try to do all his own, so that she should not have it to do besides. And his aunt said that, if grown-up folks would do as much as that, you need not ask for any thing more.

## HUMOROUS.

SAID a very small wren

To a very large hen:

"Pray, why do you make such a clatter?

I never could guess

Why an egg more or less

Should be thought so important a matter."

Then answered the hen

To the very small wren:

"If I laid such small eggs as you, madam,

I would not cluck loud,

Nor would I feel proud.

Look at these! How you'd crow if you had 'em!"

*St. Nicholas.*

LESSING, the German author, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." — "Oh very well," said Lessing; "no matter. I'll call another time!"

An Irishman, fresh from the "old country," saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger; and he, holding it out at arm's-length, said, "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howlt ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabers!"

A hen crawled into a Methodist church in Jefferson City, some time ago, and laid an egg in the contribution-box. While the



minister was making an earnest appeal to his congregation, for foreign missions, the hen suddenly left her nest, and, presenting herself in the chancel, cackled most energetically. The deacons discovered the egg when they went forward to get the boxes.

A little three-year-old, when gathering flowers, found one with an unusually short stem, and exclaimed that he "found it sitting down."

Johnny lost his knife. After searching in one pocket and another, until he had been through all without success, he exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish I had another pocket! it might be in that."

"Bridget," said Harry, "do you believe that I am going to have a dog?"

"I do," said Bridget.

"Then you've got faith," said Harry. "Don't you know what faith is, Bridget? It's *believing things!*"

#### BEWARE OF THAT TRAP, BOYS!

Let me tell you a tale of a little gray mouse That had left his snug nest at the top of the house, To cut capers and play on the old kitchen-floor, Where he danced with delight for ten minutes or more.

But at last little mousey, while rolling a ball, Caught sight of a box standing close to the wall; Such a snug little box, with its half-open door, And its windows of wire behind and before.

So he looked, and he longed for that morsel of cheese

Which he saw on the floor; he could get it with ease; And then he'd go home to his nest. (So he thought, Silly mouse!) He went in; the door shut,—he was caught.

You are in, little mousey; but how to get out Is a question you never need trouble about; You may peep through the bars, and tremble, and wait

Till the trap is unsprung and you meet with your fate.

O my boy! you may laugh at the poor little mouse; But my tale has a moral: keep far from the house Where temptation assails you, and riotous brawl; *The public-house bar is the trap by the wall.*

*Temperance Banner.*

THE cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such and no other, can come out.

How often, when our heart is melted, our spirit tender, we are led to say, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee!" What is his answer? "Go and show it." The test of our love is obedience. This is the touchstone: it sweeps away a whole mass of natural feeling, and shows what is gold and what is brass.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Rome, holds 54,000 people; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's at London, 35,600; San Petronio at Bologna, 24,400; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame at Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's at Vienna, 12,400; St. Dominic at Bologna, 11,400; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's at Vienna, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

## DIVING.

THE fun of a good dive is fun indeed. I have often "fetched bottom" at fifteen feet, and brought up a big stone to prove to my comrades that I had been "clean down." But once, in water like crystal, in the upper lakes, where the pebbles could be seen at the bottom, I came rushing up with my head cracking, and saw an old fellow grinning at me. I hung breathless to a wharf-pile; and he casually informed me that the water was twenty-six feet deep, "thar or tharabouts."

Jumping from a height is a doubtful job. Recollect that, in every thing connected with swimming, you are top-heavy, and that water is incompressible. If you get off your balance while dropping, and fall on your side, either you will be drowned or your mother will need, next day, all the cold cream in the neighborhood. Two days in bed, and a maternal lecture of the same length, were too much to pay for that one dizzy, sidewise rush through the air. If I had taken my leaden head for a plummet, I should have been spared the blisters on my body. I ought to have dived. — *St. Nicholas*.

## LIGHT FROM WITHIN.

WHEN our hearts are filled with love,  
And prayerfully each day  
We seek with childlike trust to walk  
As God has shown the way;  
Putting aside our selfish aims,  
To lessen others' cares,  
Believing God is ever near  
To answer heartfelt prayers;  
And faithfully his path we tread,  
Rugged and uneven, —  
Patience and Faith will lead us to  
Eternal rest in heaven.

HE who swears in order to be believed is but a blundering counterfeit of a man of truth.

## AN ELEPHANT AS NURSE.

A LARGE elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his body, that he was much annoyed by his tiny persecutors, the mosquitoes, and just at that time the keeper brought a little naked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindoostanee, "Watch it," and then walked away into the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed its whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of India-ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it; this he continued for upwards of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, causing much reflection. He was a monster, whose weight exceeded that of the infant by at least ten thousand times, acknowledging that the image of his Maker, even in the lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently proving the truth of the sacred announcement that God hath "given to man dominion over the beast of the field." And, here, too was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial that but few Christians, — none, indeed, but a mother, — could have practised.

A POOR Irish woman applied to a lady for a flower to put into the hand of her dead infant; and, when a handsome bouquet was handed her, she offered to pay for it, which, of course, was declined; when, with a look of gratitude, she exclaimed, "May the Lord Jesus meet you at the gate of heaven with a crown of roses."



## HELP EACH OTHER.

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks thrown across the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled, and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, being an aged man; but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would appeal to him for help. But the horseman proved to be the nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favor of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also; and, not waiting to be asked, he quickly dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman, too—lifted his Kilmarnock bonnet, and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?"—"Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

## \* OLD TESTAMENT LESSONS.

WE called attention in the September number of "The Dayspring," to the series of Lessons on the Old Testament, the publication of which has been begun by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society. The October number—the second of the series,—contains Lessons on "Jacob and his Sons"; "Joseph in Egypt"; "Joseph and his brethren"; and "Israel in Egypt." There are sets of questions "For young scholars," and "For Older scholars," hints to teachers, remarks on some of the chief points in each Lesson, and references to works which treat of the subjects presented in an interesting or suggestive way. Judging from the increased demand, these Lessons are giving better satisfaction than any issued by the Society for some time past.

Specimen copies sent on application.

## THE WAY OF LIFE.

THIS is the title of a Service Book for Sunday Schools, compiled by Rev. F. L. Hosmer, and published by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. Mr. Hosmer was formerly minister of the Unitarian Society in Northboro, Mass., and recently of that in Quincy, Ill. In both these places he showed himself "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," and in the book before us we see on every page evidences of his good taste and judgment. What he undertook he has accomplished with a degree of success rarely equalled.

He says in his introduction that "the book has been prepared at the request of several friends engaged in Sunday-School work, who, in common with the author, have felt the need of something different from the manuals already in print. It is published in the interest of no one denomination or sect, but seeks rather to appeal to and be the expression of those sentiments which lie at the heart of all our religion, and to foster these in the child; a sense of God's omnipresence and fatherhood, and trust in the Divine love and wisdom, the great lessons of human brotherhood, the supremacy of duty, the immortality of the soul."

"The contents are arranged under four divisions: Responsive Services, Prayers, Psalms, and Closing Sentences. Material is thus furnished, which the Superintendent can group together and combine with musical exercises in such order and amount as he may choose, thereby affording greater freedom and variety than where each service is arranged by itself, in connected form." There is nothing in the book to which any liberal Christian will be likely to object, although many would gladly see in it phrases and sentiments which it does not contain.

## THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held at Concord, Mass., on Wednesday and Thursday, October 24th and 25th. On Wednesday afternoon, there will be a business meeting, and perhaps an essay. On Wednesday evening there will be a sermon by Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline. On Thursday there will be two sessions, each occupied by essays and discussions. We are glad to say that one of the essays will be read by Rev. Dr. Morison, of Milton. Further particulars will be duly announced.

## CARDS FOR INFANT CLASSES.

A NEW series of Cards for Infant Classes will be published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, on the tenth of October. They will be the same in number and size as the present series, and sold at the same price, — ten cents a package.

## Puzzles.

## BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-one letters:

My 9, 13, 8, 14, 16, was a great deluge.

My 21, 8, 29, 2, was in the ark.

My 1, 26, 25, 24, was a city famous for its fine purple.

My 11, 4, 15, 14, 16, was a cruel king.

My 7, 10, 6, 27, 11, 12, 21, was the first Christian martyr.

My 27, 31, 1, 3, 18, was one of the apostles.

My 20, 7, 15, 17, 22, 23, was a great kingdom.

My 13, 6, 23, 20, was one of the tribes belonging to that kingdom.

My 30, 19, 16, 25, 8, 21, was a brook near the Garden of Gethsemane.

My whole is a precept to be found in the 15th chapter of Proverbs.

## SQUARE WORD.

1. A boy's name. 2. A girl's name. 3. A single thing. 4. Tardy.

## MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A Grecian hero slain in the Trojan war.
2. The last king of Troy.
3. A mighty giant who was changed into a constellation.
4. The river of forgetfulness.
5. The lover of Hero.
6. The god of music.

The initials give the name of the deity of the Greeks and Romans who was worshipped as the Sun-god.

## ANSWER TO CHARADE.

Larkspur.

## ANSWER TO SQUARE WORD.

HERO  
EVEN  
REAL  
ONLY

## ANSWER TO BEHEADED RHYMES.

Twill, — Will, — Ill.  
Splash, — Plash, — Lash.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Love your enemies.

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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